

# Woman's Realm

**Woman Around World Alone.**  
When Mrs. Winifred Sercombe, of Minneapolis, Minn., reached her home she had made a trip around the world unattended except by an occasional boy guide in India. She started on her journey about three years ago. She did not carry a revolver, and never was insulted in Asia, Africa or Europe by any man.

**Girl Bachelors.**  
Girl bachelors that go off camping are almost out of date, but the real bachelors have taken up this way of life more ardently than ever. As valets and men servants complete the ménage, the hated petticoat does not flutter even in the service of the elect, and the bliss of a costless dinner and even of a collarless luncheon is freely indulged in.—New York Tribune.

**Pocket Money.**  
Throughout the season a young woman in society makes a goodly sum for pocket money by taking photographs of the really idyllic scenery on her country place and disposing of them to the various magazines for illustrations. As she is gifted in the line of short-story writing, she contributes stories as well, when the mood seizes her, and usually makes them fit with the picturesque bits she sends with them. She also makes the most charming calendars, getting great variety for each month, and accordingly sends to her publishers several hundred, no two of which are alike.—New York Tribune.

**The White Petticoat.**  
The woman who has indulged her fondness for silk in all forms has worn the silk petticoat in season and out. To-day, if she would be fashionable, her petticoats are of lingerie. These have returned to the highest favor. They will not be worn in city streets under dark coat suits, for they soil too easily, but they will be worn under everything else, and especially under evening gowns.

**Our Cut-out Recipe.**  
To Caramelize Sugar.—Put sugar in a smooth granite saucepan or omelet pan, place over the hot part of the range and stir constantly until melted and the color of maple sugar. Care must be taken to prevent sugar from adhering to the sides of the pan or spoon.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Kept Lighthouse Fifty-one Years.**  
Ida Lewis has spent fifty-one years of service as keeper of the Lime Rock lighthouse in the southern end of Newport Harbor. Miss Lewis was on duty as keeper many years before Newport became a chief resort of the millionaire families of New York. Old Newport, with its simple and inexpensive ease, has declined and given way to the showy, extravagant Newport of to-day since Miss Lewis first trimmed lamps to guide mariners. She passed her half century of service without formality of any kind, and it has been against her wish that the celebration this year has been planned. Miss Lewis expects to continue as lighthouse keeper for many more years.—New York Press.

**Much a Lady.**  
Have you ever thought how painful it is to an unexpected visitor to be entreated to overlook this, that and the other domestic shortcomings? "Please excuse the tablecloth. Esther has just upset the flowers—so tiresome of her! Pray, don't notice the dish—John insists on having 'hot-pot' served this way! Excuse the pudding, won't you? It's very plain, but the children do love these little currant dumplings!"

**Disappointing Frouse.**  
The owner of a new, built home of stately dimensions complains bitterly of the different way it looks as it is, as against its appearance in the architect's drawings. The proportions of the house are superb, but it requires immense forest trees to give it dignity. Without them it has the bald, hard look of a huge institution, a suggestion which is intensified by the red brick of which it is built and the rows of shutterless windows. The drawings included drooping elms and spreading oaks, which would take a century to grow, and the land at present provides only sparsely some straggling white beeches and dogwood. The owner will have to wait for years before his place will resemble the glorious picture as drawn by the generous minded architect.—New York Tribune.

**College Woman and the Family.**  
Mrs. Ballinger, wife of the Secretary of the Interior, is a firm believer in higher learning for women. There are many women in Washington who oppose exhaustive college education for their sex, and Mrs. Ballinger is never happier than when trying to prove they are in error. She holds that the State owes as big a debt to women as to men, and that it is only the part of simple justice to throw all avenues of education open to women, providing they pass the requisite examinations. Mrs. Ballinger also vehemently denies that college women are not as likely to marry as their sisters of less accomplishment in an educational sense. She is a

## ON WOMEN.

By William Marion Reedy.

A woman writes me asking why it is that women seem never to be or to have been offended by their bitter detractors—Schoepenhauer and Nietzsche? Indeed, women take great delight in the writings of these two men who proclaim the sex the chief agent of Evil. Why? At once comes to mind:

A dog, a woman, a hickory tree. The more you beat 'em the better they be.

Woman likes the strong man, the compeller; that's why she likes the man in military and naval uniform; she loves to worship more than to be worshipped—and all that tommy rot. I think, so far as I am entitled to think on such a trinity of inscrutabilities as Nietzsche, Schoepenhauer and Woman, that women are amused by the philosophers named. Who is more concerned with woman than the man who denounces and damns her? There was St. Anthony—he went into the desert to escape woman and lo! he brought her with him. What is all the bravery of the philosophers named against women? Nothing but fear of them. Even so the English lied about Napoleon because they were so afraid of him that they used his name to quiet quavering babies.

I don't think it possible to hate any one or anything that we do not fear. I don't think that we can fear and love any one at the same time—pace the theologians and the hymn-writers. What are Nietzsche and Schoepenhauer saying all the time? "Be brave! Brace up! Whistle through the graveyard! Beware of women!" (Vide Weller, Sr., on "Vidues.") Now, brave men don't have to be adjured to be brave, and when they are so adjured, the adjurer is usually playing castanets with his knees. Schoepenhauer and Nietzsche rail and rave at women, but they are victims of the succubus. They can't get her out of their minds and are afraid to take her into their hearts. No woman can conceive a higher expression of affection than: "I love you—drat you!" Show me a misogynist and I'll show you a man with some woman's scornful or tender face pyrographed upon his heart! Women read Nietzsche and Schoepenhauer and don't say anything—just laugh. It takes Balzac to madden them, or Flaubert in "Madame Bovary," or almost any Frenchman. The Frenchmen are so like the women themselves. Another woman wrote her down physiologically and psychologically to the level of the peasant—I've forgotten his name. He knew it all—he was twenty-four years old when he wrote his book. Then he killed himself. The women, I think, have the laugh on him. The women get mad at Roosevelt or the Kaiser or Premier Asquith or some one else like that for a light remark. They only smile at Nietzsche and Schoepenhauer. Why again? Because the woman of these philosophers is evolved from their own inner consciousness. There never was such a being. She's like the "economic man" of the Dismal Science—an abstract conception. Woman is nothing if not concrete. She doesn't see herself at all in Schoepenhauer's or Nietzsche's mirror. (I wonder how she sees herself in mine.) She's the master—or mistress—manipulator of the mirror, too; she discovered or invented it to study herself in. Let Schoepenhauer and Nietzsche rave and roar. What does it all amount to? Simply this: both men are protesting against the eclipse of man by womanism. One wants to escape from this by seeking extinction. The other wants to produce Beyond Man without the aid of woman—sheer lunacy. I remember but one fancy equal to this: that's where the King is in childhood, in "Aucassin and Nicolette," and nothing came of it. In Schoepenhauer and Nietzsche, Woman sees Man in panic rout before her triumphant advance. She loves Byron who sneered at her. She doesn't quite understand Shakespeare, whose gallantry is just a little too much. She thinks Dickens makes a fool of her and Thackeray the same, only more so. The anti-woman philosophers she despises with a touch of amusement. She knows she has them where she wants them—under her feet, and "the heel of the woman," it is written, "shall divide the head of the serpent." I hope I have answered the good woman whose query is confession and avoidance, for it says that only women "are not offended" by the frenzies of the philosophers named; huh, they "consider the source."—St. Louis Mirror.

**Good Taste.**  
There are women whose dressing is renowned for its exquisite harmony, in whose house you could not find an ornament out of keeping, or a color that jarred, yet who are devoid of good taste in the real sense.

Good taste in its truest sense is an innate sense of fitness. Possessed of it we need not fear proprieties being outraged, though social training may be slight.

The woman who has really good taste never jars. Instinctively she says the right thing and could not be guilty of thoughtless rudeness.

Good taste never boasts, avoids flaunting, never parades superior advantages, is reticent even to a fault about happenings and honors in her life that others have not shared.

Good taste frowns on lavish display, even when money is not an object; it forbids personalities in public places, loud talking or laughing at any time; it puts the ban on being conspicuous.

Good taste is never argumentative, unduly aggressive or ruthless of others' feelings. Sympathy is as impossible to it as is the blatant democracy that is worked overtime.

To needlessly wound, to patronize, even to be gushingly kind are impossible to one who has an inner sense of propriety. There are people whose favors we scorn merely because a lack of delicacy in offering them hurts our self-respect.

Good taste frowns on malicious scandal and hesitates to repeat even a witticism if it carries a personal sting. Nor does it smile on showy talk and a monopoly of conversation.

Many long coats are seen in white serge. Net is to play a leading part this season. The latest agony is the tasselled silk stocking. One hairdresser dries her hair over a tissue paper roll. The newest skirts are made with a few gathers at the top. Jet bracelets seemingly cannot be too wide nor too heavy.

For run-around frocks nothing is more popular than serge. It is an unusual notion to combine very heavy trimming with sheer material.

So far no bustle, but the dress-makers seem to be leading us along that road. Charming for women with fresh faces and fair skins are the new amethyst hats.

The unlined transparent coat is one of the most pronounced fads of the season. White grounds sprinkled with colored dots are to be found among the new embroideries. Stockings of lisle with self-colored "clocks" are generally the most satisfactory for every day.

Among the half precious stones so much in vogue there is none more popular than the lapis lazuli. Bangles and beads and fringes of silk and leather were never so popular as at the present moment among the leathern girdles and shopping bags. Brocades in extremely large patterns and gorgeously flowered designs will be de rigueur for the matron. They come stiff enough to stand alone, and the price is not weak-kneed.

While shoes colored to match the costume are rampant even to boldness, all shades of brown and tan may be worn with mixtures or colored costumes; in fact, everything except black. Strings, usually not serving any practical purpose, but caught up and knatted in some graceful fashion, appear upon a number of the most picturesque broad brimmed hats this season.

Dutch necks are in evidence among the blouses, just as they are among the gowns, and the stock that fastens at the back is shown without even a suggestion of a jabot, or with a narrow, black velvet cravat.

## Tremendous Transportation

By BISHOP H. W. WARREN.

At Waterloo, Iowa, there is a stone church built almost entirely from one great granite boulder located three miles north of the town, with stone enough left to build a parsonage. This great rock was brought there how many hundreds of miles nobody knows, worn smooth and plowed with long striae by being pushed over the rocky bed of its passage.

Near Manassas on Long Island there is a boulder fifty-four feet long by forty feet wide and sixteen feet high that has been brought across Long Island Sound and how many hundreds of miles further no one knows. Indeed, most of Long Island itself, 120 miles long, consisting of ten or more kinds of rock, has been brought there by forces that dwarf steam shovels, lifting seven tons at a shovelful, into mere children's toys.

But this is little compared to what is going on to-day. Off the coast of Newfoundland is a submarine island 600 miles long and 200 wide, all brought there by the same force.

What is this force? It is called glacial action. The feathery crystals of snow, brought from distant seas, fall on lofty mountain peaks. They may freeze by night and thaw by day, and every freeze makes a slight expansion which tends to force the great mass down the mountain side. This is a river of ice, or what Cole-ridge calls "motionless cataracts." I have seen one twelve miles wide, 600 feet deep and 100 miles long. Different streams may come from different mountain sides and combine into one mighty river in a valley. They move from one foot a day, as the Mer de Glace, above Chamouni, to seventy-five feet a day, as the Muir Glacier in Alaska. This irresistible force tears boulders and earth from mountain sides and bears them on its broad back to the valleys below.

The accumulations of glaciers are called moraines; when on the side of a glacier they are lateral moraines; when two or more meet in one general stream medial moraines; when the glacier is thawed at the end in the low valley, terminal moraines.

In this tremendous crowd and pressure the rocks are being transported, and the bed of rocks over which the stream flows is crushed to sand and ground to dust. The Ar Glacier discharges by the rushing river at its foot 280 tons of sand daily.

But what has this to do with Iowa. Scattered over with erratic blocks and boulders, in the Northwest so deeply covered with quaternary drift that the original surface is unrecognizable; and Long Island, far, far from mountains?

Things on this old world are not as they once were. Times were when the north end of it was covered with ice, in what is called the ice age, that left its terminal moraines as far south as Washington and Pittsburgh, and wrote its history in these broad pages with such punctuation marks and exclamation points as have been alluded to in this article.—Epworth Herald.

**Adulterated Drugs.**  
The adulteration of crude drugs is a grave matter, rendering, as it does, the physician's prescription ineffective, with serious, perhaps fatal, results in a crisis. For example, digitalis is adulterated with stramonium, the addition of any amount of which would endanger the life of the patient when the remedy is depended on for prompt action in the case of heart failure; the strophanthus seed, which is also used in such cases, has been widely replaced by another variety of the same seed which has no effect whatever, but costs only about one-fifth as much. Belladonna is often adulterated with pokeroor, which has an antispasmodic effect, and ground olive pits have been used to the extent of hundreds of tons in such important remedies as ipecac and aconite.—National Magazine.

**Weed Cutting by Motor Boat.**  
In Egypt an enormous amount of trouble and expense has been caused by the weeds and other vegetable growths which spread so rapidly as to choke canals and other waterways in a few days.

Clearing by hand has been found impossible in one district, so a motor boat has been equipped with a unique weed cutter and placed in service. The cutting attachment consists of a pair of V shaped knives with sharp and powerful blades, worked by belt from the propeller shaft. They trail along the bottom of the waterway, cutting the growth off at the roots. It is said that the little boat will clear as much as five acres an hour.—London Globe.

**Connecticut Man's Pet Fawn.**  
C. M. Pinney is probably the only man in the State who has a pet doe. The doe is two days old. Mr. Pinney's man was returning from South Manchester Tuesday when he noticed a small creature in a ditch. Upon investigation he found it to be a baby doe not more than a day old.

The little doe was nearly dead. He took it home and Mrs. Pinney cared for it. The doe was doing nicely to-day and will be brought up as a pet, the game warden having given his permission. The doe is of a reddish color with white spots and is about the size of a cat.—Bolton Correspondence Hartford Courant.

**Numbering the People in China.**  
China is preparing to take a census of her 400,000,000 people. The census is to be a thorough one, and after it is done the facts and figures are to be kept pretty well up to date.

One provision of the regulations for officials reads: "After the completion of this census all births, deaths, marriages and adoptions must be reported by the head of the family to the local census office or police station; the records of families must be revised every two months and records of individuals every six months, and reports must be made annually to the Board of the Interior by the directors general of the census from the various provinces."—London Globe.

**England Leads in Telegraph Sending.**  
While the British send on an average two telegrams a head each year, according to government statistics, the Americans send only one, and one-tenth and the Germans nine-tenths.

**New York's Vast Wealth.**  
If each individual in New York city owned an equal portion of its real estate he would be worth in land \$1,520, according to the assessed valuation.

Boston appropriates \$100,000 this year for public playgrounds.

## POULTRY FOR PROFIT

By BISHOP H. W. WARREN.

How Old is Biddy? English authorities hold that there is no certain test of age in fowls. But they admit that, in general, the spurs both of hens and cocks will distinguish a two-year-old bird.

There are exceptions, however, in which really young birds develop old-looking spurs, while really second-year birds preserve the short, rounded spurs of a cockerel.

The texture of the legs is a guide, to some extent, and so are the delicacy and freshness of the skin of the face and comb, but still an occasional hen will preserve her youthful appearance to a startling degree.

The skin of the body is a better test, as it becomes coarser and dryer-looking with age. Formerly the wing feathers were considered an absolute test as between a pullet and a hen, even after the long practice of early breeding had made the moulting of early pullets quite common.

An Austrian authority says that a pullet will show rose-colored veins on the surface of the skin, under the wings.

There will also be long silky hairs growing there. After a year old these hairs disappear, as also do the veins, and the skin grows white and veinless.

It is more difficult to judge the age of water fowls than of other poultry, partly from the absence of spurs, partly from greater longevity, and partly because the water keeps their legs soft and fresh.

Ducks waddle more heavily as they grow older, and after two or three years they acquire a depression down the breast.

An abdominal pouch of considerable size indicates great age in geese. Turkeys up to a year old are said to have black feet, which grow pink up to three years of age, when they gradually turn gray and dull.

Age in pigeons is often told by the color of the breast. In squabs, the flesh looks whitish as seen through the skin, but becomes more and more purplish as the bird grows older.

**Poultry in Shaping Boards.**  
The weight placed on the top of the chicken is used to give a compact appearance. This may be an iron or brick. If chickens are hung by legs after being plucked it spoils their appearance. Plan used by Ontario Experiment Station.

**It Pays to Caponize.**  
A capon bears the same relation to a rooster as a steer to a bull, and as bull meat is not equal to steer meat, so are roosters not equal to capons.

When cockerels become capons they cease to grow combs and wattles, do not crow and fight, grow much faster and finer flesh and bring more money than ordinary chickens.

If a cock weighs ten pounds, a capon will weigh fifteen, and bring three to four times the price, one hundred and twenty-five dollars often being paid for 100 capons.

It certainly pays to caponize surplus cockerels. A set of tools, with full instructions for using, costs \$2.50, and only ordinary skill is required.

For caponizing, cockerels must be less than six weeks old and weigh a pound or more.

**Favorite Geese.**  
A flock of well-bred Toulouse geese. These are about the best geese for average farm conditions.

**Incubator Chickens.**  
Chicks must be kept clean either with hens or in a brooder. To clean them every day is not too often. The heat from the brooder makes droppings produce foul air, as do hens when brooding chicks. Give no feed until the clutch is at least thirty-six hours old. They do not need it for the yolk absorbed just before hatching provides them until that age. Leave them in the incubator or under hens until ready to give the first feed, which should be fine gravel or sand on the bottom of the coop or brooder. They will eat quite a lot of it, and it provides the gizzard with grit to grind food.

**Points About Poultry.**  
The yolk of the egg spoils much quicker than the white. It must not be forgotten that food flavors the flesh as well as the egg. If not on free range, have good yard for exercise and have this yard limed and plowed at least once a year. A French naturalist asserts that the use of pounded garlic with the usual food has been made to completely eradicate the gapes among pheasants in Europe.

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"About two years ago my eyes got in such a condition that I was unable to go about. They were terribly inflamed, both the balls and lids. I tried home remedies without relief. Then I decided to go to our family physician, but he didn't help them. Then I tried two more of our most prominent physicians, but my eyes grew continually worse. At this time a friend of mine advised me to try Cuticura Ointment, and after using it about one week my eyes were considerably improved and in two weeks they were almost well. They have never given me any trouble since and I am now sixty-five years old. I shall never fail to praise Cuticura. G. B. Halsey, Mouth of West Va., Apr. 4, 1908."

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According to La Nature, it has been found that good paper can be made out of grapevines.

Little children are suffering every day in the year with sprains, bruises, cuts, bumps and burns. Hamlin's Wizard Oil is banishing these aches and pains every day in the year, the world over.

The music of "Home, Sweet Home" is probably Sicilian.

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The world's annual cotton crop is nearly 2,500,000 tons.

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Dan Rice in His "Memoirs" Tells Inside Mysteries of Show Life.

Any bookseller will tell you that the constant quest of his customers is for "a book which will make me laugh." The bookman is compelled to reply that the race of American humorists has run out and comic literature is scarcer than funny plays.

A wide sale is therefore predicted for the "Memoirs of Dan Rice," the Clown of Our Daddies, written by Maria Ward Brown, a book guaranteed to make you roar with laughter. The author presents to the public a volume of the great Jester's most pungent jokes, comic harangues, caustic hits upon men and manners, lectures, anecdotes, sketches of adventure, original songs and poetical effusions; wise and witty, serious, satirical, and sentimental sayings of the sawdust arena of other days.

These "Memoirs" also contain a series of adventures and incidents alternating from grave to gay; descriptive scenes and thrilling events; the record of half a century of a remarkable life, in the course of which the subject was brought into contact with most of the national celebrities of the day. The book abounds in anecdotes, humorous and otherwise, and it affords a clearer view of the inside mysteries of show life than any account heretofore published. Old Dan Rice, as the proprietor of the famous "One Horse Show," was more of a national character than Artemus Ward, and this volume contains the humor which made the nation laugh even while the great Civil War raged. This fascinating book of 500 pages, beautifully illustrated, will be sent postpaid to you for \$1.50. Address Book Publishing House, 134 Leonard street, New York City.

A South African National Union has been formed in London, and twelve branches have been formed in South Africa. The Union is independent of politics and will develop trade and industry.

With accommodations for 500 persons, a huge ale store at Burton-on-Trent, England, is being made into a skating rink. N.Y.—26

## THIRD OPERATION PREVENTED

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If you are ill do not drag along at home of in your place of employment until an operation is necessary, but build up the feminine system, and remove the cause of those distressing aches and pains by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills; and has positively restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

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**CATARRH** Pastine will destroy the germ that causes catarrh, heal the inflammation and stop the discharge. It is a sure remedy for uterine catarrh.

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which gives you better BLADE-VALUE than razors costing 20 times the price. The practical value is in the BLADE. It is the best because made of the finest steel tempered by a special process and scientifically ground and honed down to the keenest possible edge. You pay 25 cents for the best practical Razor ever introduced, and you save nineteen-twentieths of the fancy prices asked for fancy frames and holders. The "SHRP SHAVER" RAZOR is so set down to the frame as to be correctly "angled" to suit any face. We sell you the whole Razor at 25c, so as to create a market for our blades. Extra "SHRP SHAVER" Blades, 5 for 25c. And satin finish silver-plated stoppers at 20c. Each

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There was never an imitation made of an imitation. Imitators always counterfeit the genuine article. The genuine is what you ask for, because genuine articles are the advertised ones. Imitations are not advertised, but depend for their business on the ability of the dealer to sell you something claimed to be "just as good" when you ask for the genuine, because he makes more profit on the imitation. Why accept imitations when you can get the genuine by insisting?

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